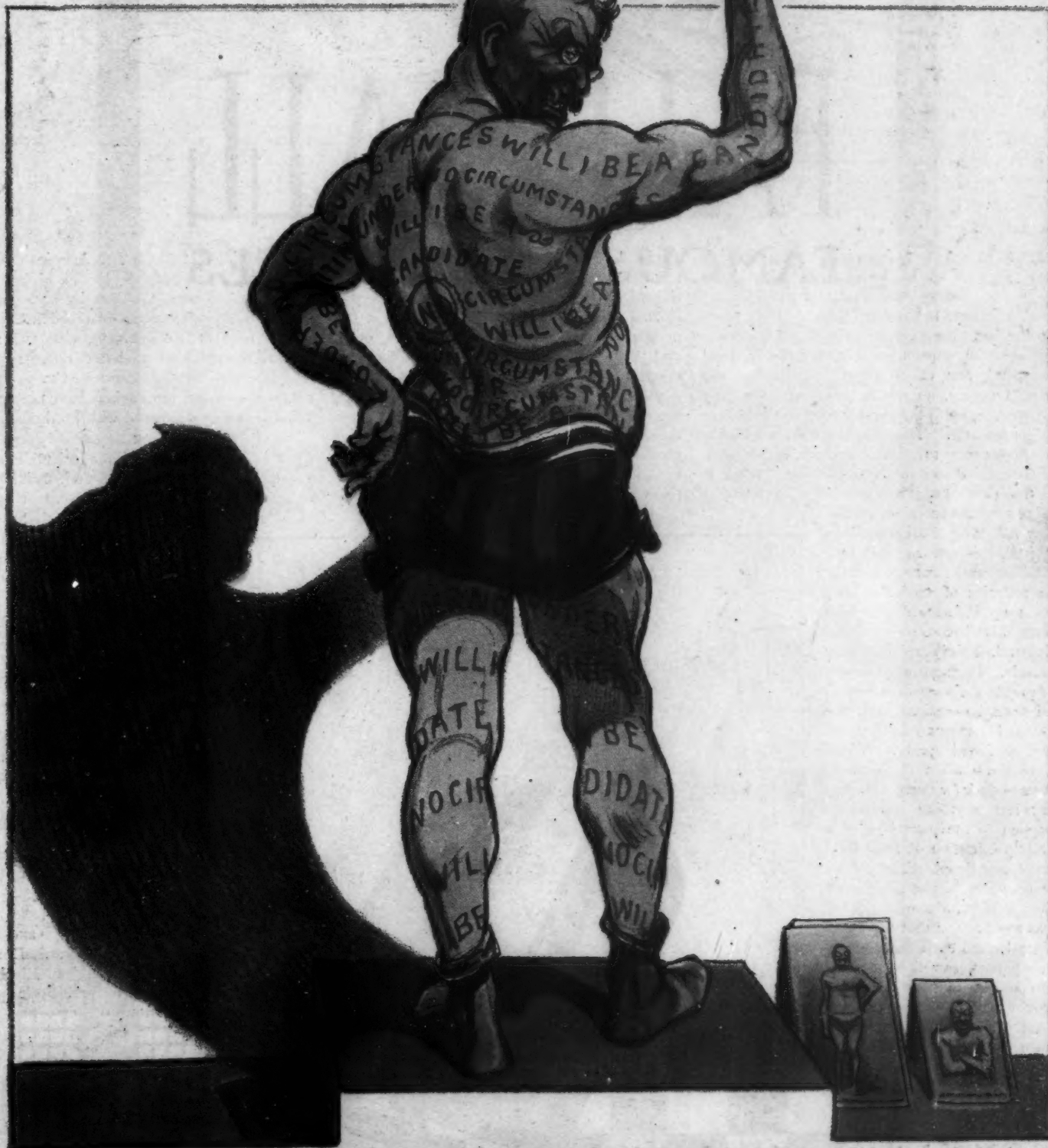
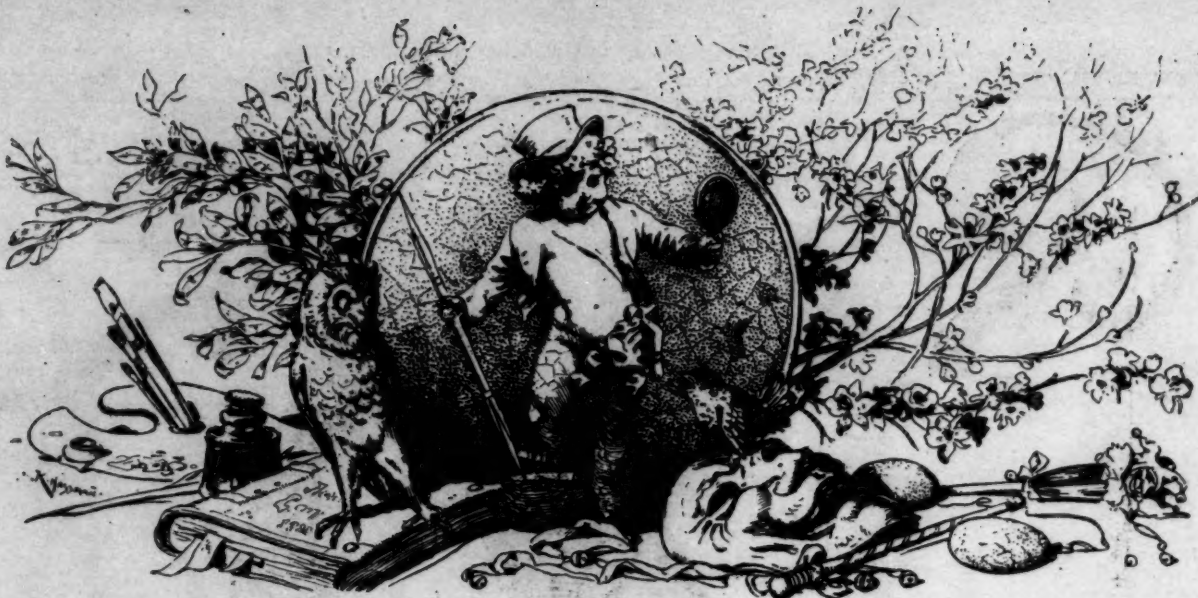


Puck



THE NEW TATTOOED MAN
He Makes an Exhibition of Himself.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
F. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-305 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1832. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1912.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

APPETITES REGAINED. A lot of suspicious persons, quick to jump at conclusions, have lately been saying "I told you so" with reference to the Beef Trust. They point to the fact that meat prices went up uniformly all over the map on the day after the Packers' acquittal, and call it proof positive that the Beef Octopus, no matter what verdict a jury may reach, holds the meat-market in the hollow of its tentacle. This, it seems to us, is a highly improper view to take. It shows, in addition, a lamentable lack of understanding. While it is true that meat prices went up uniformly and without any exceptions on the day following the Packers' acquittal, it is not true that they rose because of any "conspiracy in restraint of trade." They went up in accordance with natural law because of increased demand. This is explained very readily. During the last month of the Beef Trust trial it looked on several occasions as if the accused Packers might possibly be found guilty. There were times when the outlook seemed dark for them. Worrying lest anything unpleasant happen to the purveyors of a principal portion of their food supply, the people of the United States naturally lost their appetites. Meat, above all things, was too heavy a diet for them. They looked each day at their newspapers, saw the apparent probability that the Packers would receive a jail sentence under the Sherman Law, and turned away, sick and faint—in the morning, from the breakfast-table; in the evening, from the dinner-table. Obviously, the demand for meat fell off and the price declined. Then came that glorious day when from one end of the country to the other the news was flashed of the

Packers' acquittal, followed by the announcement of a beefsteak dinner to the jury, and the sickening tension was relieved. Worry was dissipated; fear dispelled. The appetites of the people returned, not gradually, but all at once, and they made a rush for the nearest butcher-shops, there to place orders for double porterhouse steaks. Of course, the price of meat went up. It was bound to, the demand having returned to normal. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. Away with these scavengers and "muckrakers" who see in every boost in the price of meat but further proof of monopoly

and restraint of trade. The American people are a sympathetic people. Each is his brother's keeper. And when the American people saw several of their brethren threatened in Chicago with a term of imprisonment, what was more natural than that they should refuse to eat? They are glad, by the same token, to pay more for meat now that the Packers have been freed. What is money compared with brotherhood?

OUT in the wilds of Utah a scientific expedition has made a curious find. It is a place so rich in fossil remains as to suggest to the scientist a prehistoric burying-ground, or, expressed in terms more fascinating to the imaginative mind, a place where monsters of the remote past used to retire to die. Now that the discovery has been made, we presume that nothing will prevent the removal of the bones to museums; but it is greatly to be regretted that the disinterment cannot be indefinitely postponed and opportunity given to a couple of modern monsters to die and fossilize themselves in the company of Mammoth bones and the like. Don't disturb the sad remains in this Utah sepulchre. Simply make sure that there is room for two more complete sets, and then turn the Democratic Donkey and the Republican Elephant, emblems of prehistoric party lines, into the enclosure, and let them take the hint.

THE Colonel's pledge that under no circumstances would he accept another nomination, has been altered by the TAFT machine to read: "Under no circumstances will you get a chance to accept another nomination."



EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!



THE POLITICAL KANGAROO.

"GEE! BUT HE CAN JUMP!"

QUITTERS.

An unwise man once undertook
To find a stationary cook,
And he hired one he thought would do
For cooking meals and pastry too.
He gave her every liberty,
And always with her did agree;
But she, like all the cooks before,
Stayed but a week and quit his door.



Then straightway this ingenuous man
Resolved to try another plan:
Procured the latest cooking-book
And asked his wife to be the cook.
And she, so dutiful and meek,
Stuck to the job at least a week,
Then quit like other cooks, of course,
And now is getting a divorce.

Still more determined than before,
He went into a hardware store
And purchased one "Self-Cooker" there,
That he might cook his meals with care;
This "Cooker," though, infringed upon
The patent of another one,
And so the sheriff came one day
And took his "Cooker" right away.

Jno. L. Hobbie.

THE poet who sang tearfully of the sadness and pathos of the empty chair could never have been in the habit of getting shaved every Sunday morning between nine and ten o'clock.

IT is all well enough to say the wind cuts like a knife; but it does n't cut any better than the average knife you get in an eating-house. It will never cause the victim much pain.

Nothing irritates a dyspeptic person more than to be told that to be good is to be happy.

COMMON AND UNCOMMON THIEVES.

An American who returned from Europe brought with him a painting, alleged to be a Murillo. It is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars; though the fact is that an Old Master is worth just as much as a "collector" is willing to pay to place it some place where the only persons who could really enjoy it can't see it. The owner of this picture says that it was taken from the Cathedral of Seville in the reign of James II. by one of his (the owner's) ancestors, "the leader of a merry band that went about the Continent in those days picking up booty."



Here's a queer thing! If the grandfather of this gentleman had been imprisoned for stealing pickles from the corner-grocery he would probably be at some pains to conceal the fact from his friends. Yet "the leader of a merry band who went about picking up booty" is a very different sort of ancestor. He's something to be proud of. The doughty knight who pinched Mr. Murillo's work of art from a cathedral—and incidentally, no doubt, cut the throat of a gate-keeper or two to make escape easy, assumes in the eyes of this democratic American descendant a degree of importance which he would not have had if he had been decently tilling a piece of ground or herding swine on the hillside.

It may be that this is a lot of excited moralizing concerning nothing. It may be that the owner of the "Murillo" is really the owner of a very bad copy which was foisted on him by the Old-Master workshops of Paris—in which case there is reason to rejoice. But if it is a real Old Master, and if the owner really had a bold, bad, thievish ancestor, the question naturally occurs: "Would n't it be a rather pleasant thing to take that picture right back to the Cathedral of Seville where it belongs?"

AN OBJECT OF SYMPATHY.

On what grounds did Henshaw get his pension? I never heard that he did any fighting during the war.

"He did n't, but he claims that his sympathies were enlisted."



HAD HIS NUMBER.

"Do you remember old Judge Plunks?"
"I'm sorry that I cannot recall him!"
"You remember him all right!"

GRANDMOTHER AND GERALDINE.



OW THAT you are married, my dear," said Grandmother, "I trust that you will engage in some serious occupation. 'Satan finds work for idle hands,' you know."

"Well," laughed Geraldine, "I ordered eight gowns this afternoon. That will keep several seamstresses out of mischief for quite a while."

"At your age," declared the old lady severely, "I had *one* Sunday-go-to-meetin' dress, which I wore two years for best, and then made over for second-best."

"And they talk about the 'good old times,'" murmured Geraldine. "A gown two years old! I should call that a skeleton in the closet."

"If you have no taste for domesticity," pursued Grandmother, "you might go in for reform work."

"I am trying hard to reform Reginald," replied Granddaughter. "If I succeed with him I can qualify as a professional."

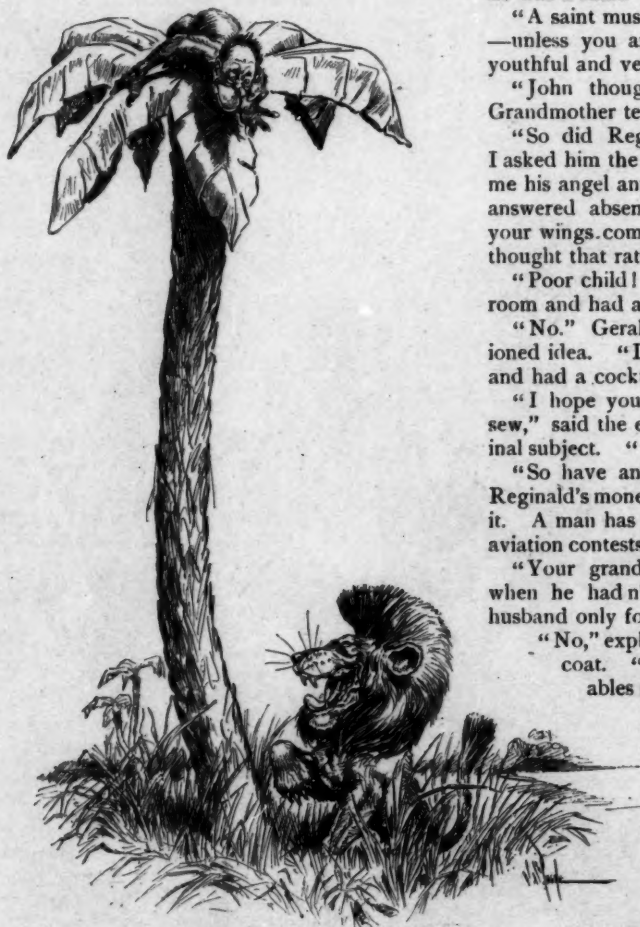
"Child!" exclaimed Grandmother in horrified tones. "You mustn't say such things about your husband."

"That is nothing to what other people say."

"Don't you love your husband, Geraldine?"

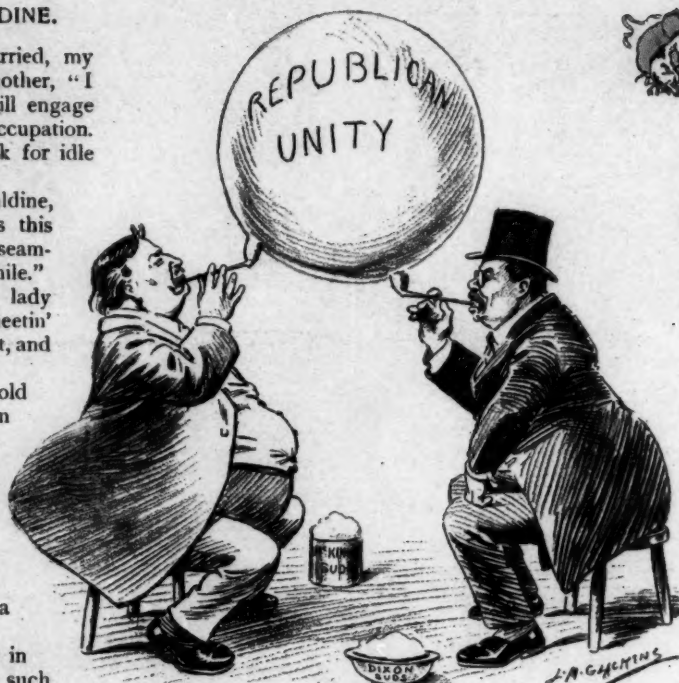
"Certainly. He never makes me feel that I am not good enough for him. 'To err is human,' and Reginald is so human that he is altogether lovable."

"To forgive is divine," quoted Grandmother. "I fear you are not—"



MARKET BULLETIN.

"NO DROP IN FOOD SUPPLIES PREDICTED."



A LITTLE BIGGER, AND THEN —

"Oh, yes, I *am* divine enough to forgive," interrupted Geraldine. "I love to—Reginald offers such cunning pleas—a pearl necklace, last time."

"I never had to forgive your grandfather; he was a saint."

"A saint must be awfully trying to live with—unless you are an angel yourself," said the youthful and very mortal matron.

"John thought I was an angel," mused Grandmother tenderly.

"So did Reginald—until we were married. I asked him the other night why he never called me his angel any more. He was reading and answered absent-mindedly: 'I've found that your wings come from the millinery shop.' I thought that rather severe!"

"Poor child! I suppose you went to your room and had a good cry?"

"No," Geraldine laughed at the old-fashioned idea. "I went down to the ladies' bar and had a cocktail."

"I hope you will at least learn to cook and sew," said the elder lady, returning to the original subject. "'Riches have wings.'"

"So have angels," retorted Geraldine. "If Reginald's money takes flight I guess I can follow it. A man has no business entering his riches in aviation contests when he has a wife to support."

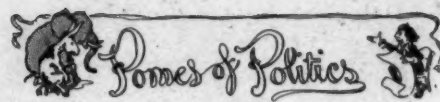
"Your grandfather was just as dear to me when he had n't a dollar. Do you love your husband only for his gold?"

"No," explained Geraldine, getting into her coat. "I love the gold because it enables me to have Reginald. He is so dear that without it I simply could not afford him."

Terrell Love Holliday.

POSSIBLY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. —Why did n't the foolish virgins fill their lamps? WILLIE.—Oh, I suppose as a kind of Citizens' Protest Movement against the Standard Oil monopoly.



OBSCURUS EQUUS.

SOME ONE that you never heard of;
One of silent tread;
One about whose life no word of
Scandal can be said.

One whose verbs are ever passive,
Never active, voice;
One whose brain is not too massive;
One whose words are choice.

One who says, "Progressivism
Mildly I endorse."
One who adds, "Conservatism
Safer is, of course."

Some one who has never taken
Any active part
In the conflicts that have shaken
Forum, State, or Mart.

One who never makes addresses
Filled with verbal bricks;
One who never talks and messes
Party politics.

One whose chiefest stock in trade is
That he's quite unknown;
Such as he, the claim oft made is,
Give a Ticket tone.

No one knows a thing about him,
Either good or bad;
Parties could n't do without him;
Bosses love the lad.

Any Dark Horse this applies to;
These defects are also his;
We have tried to put you wise to
What *Obscurus Equus* is.

A. H. Folwell.



THE EXPLANATION.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," began the manager of the "Hortense, the Hounded Heiress Co.," sticking his head through the slit in the curtain, "we must ask your indulgence for a short time. One of the stage-hands just inadvertently joggled the ashes from the villain's cigarette, and unless someone in the audience can help us out the play will be delayed. The villain, however, has lighted another one, and by puffing steadily will very shortly have made sufficient progress with it to enable him to 'flick' the ashes in the debonair style which has won him unstinted applause throughout the whole circuit."

The world is more likely to speak well of a man when he is dead than when he is dead-broke.



What's What in Washington.



A TEN-MINUTE TALK OVER PUCK'S PRIVATE 'PHONE.

LIKE as not the Roosevelt campaign headquarters in Washington will have a strike on its hands in the near future, unless it mends its ways," predicted a tired-faced, nervous little woman who works all day long and a good part of the night sending and addressing campaign literature in the Munsey Building.

"You may not know it," she continued in a confidential tone, "but there are sixty girls, including myself, working as hard as we can at the Roosevelt headquarters, and we only get a dollar a thousand for sealing and addressing envelopes. Every other campaign headquarters here—the Taft, the Clark, the Harmon, the Wilson, the Underwood, and the La Follette—pays the girls \$1.50 a thousand for the same kind of work. Mr. Medill McCormick is helping Senator Dixon run things at our office and he hires the girls. He is the man that is keeping our wages down while he sees to it that the men employed under him are mighty well paid. While he is doing this, Mrs. Medill McCormick, so the papers say, is studying sociological conditions in the District of Columbia, and is conducting 'a thorough investigation of the way the tuberculosis hospital is run.' It strikes me that she ought to investigate the wages paid to her husband's employees first. And a whole lot of other girls think the same as I do about it. Don't be surprised if you hear of a walk-out down our way some day. It's bound to come unless we get a squarer deal."

THE origin of the celluloid collar has been discovered at last. The disclosure came during a recent hearing on the Chemical Schedule before the Finance Committee. Francis A. Gudger of New York, representing manufacturers of celluloid in Newark and Arlington, N. J., and Orchard and Leominster, Mass., said with a touch of pride that the company with which he is connected manufactured ten thousand articles of celluloid.

"Are you responsible for the celluloid collar?" asked Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi sternly.

"Yes, invented them," replied Gudger, "and fixed them so that you could not tell the difference between them and linen collars."

"I have been trying to locate the responsibility for those collars for some time," observed John Sharp severely.

"If you'll allow me, Senator," Gudger went on to explain afterward, "I want to tell you that the celluloid collars we make look all right. Now, I sometimes wear one myself. I've got—"

"Well, then, Mr. Gudger," interrupted the Senator with a characteristic chuckle, "that's one on you!"

WHRELBARROW makers, road-building machinery agents, automobile manufacturers, and rubber-tire dealers from all parts of the country are besieging Senators and Representatives to favor the establishment of a National Highway from Washington to Gettysburg as a memorial to Lincoln. They are fighting the plan to erect a memorial on the Mall in Washington as indorsed by architects, landscape artists, civic federations, and others interested in beautifying the national capital.

One implement jobber, bolder than the rest, recently wrote a candid letter to Representative Nick Longworth of Ohio, telling him that he favored the construction of the Lincoln Memorial Highway because it would help his business. "You have seen steam-roller work at national conventions," he stated. "Now vote for the Memorial Highway to Gettysburg and let me show you how one of my steam-rollers will work in getting that road in shape. I am sure if Lincoln were alive he would prefer to have a road built in his honor, instead of some no-account building in Washington for sight-seers to litter up with peanut shells and empty lunch-boxes."

THE principal hotels in Washington and other public places where President Taft makes his appearance from time to time, either as guest of honor or in his official capacity as the Nation's Chief Executive, have a special chair for his exclusive use on such occasions. For example, the Presidential chair of the New Willard is a massive affair of mahogany, with a high back and arm rests, covered and upholstered with dark-brown leather. The chair is elaborately carved and is so constructed that Mr. Taft may lean back in it if he chooses with the assurance that it will not give way under his ponderous weight.

The chair reserved for the President at the Arlington is of solid reinforced oak. It also has a high back and arm rests and is covered with red leather. Elaborately carved lion heads at the top of the back and at the ends of the arm rests enhance the artistic appearance of it.

The Shoreham's Presidential chair is of Circassian walnut. It is upholstered in blue velvet—blue for Yale, the hotel manager says. The head of an American eagle crowns the top of the high back, and it stands on claw feet.

The President's chair at the Raleigh is of black oak and equally elaborate in design. Not to be outdone by the hotels, the theatres which Mr. Taft patronizes have specially constructed chairs reserved for his use. The respective managements of the Belasco, the National, and the Columbia playhouses

have gone to no little expense in providing chairs for the President combining safety and comfort.

"No one is allowed to sit in the President's chair but Mr. Taft," said the manager of one of the theatres the other day. "Another thing: After Mr. Taft occupies his chair in the box reserved for him we always inspect it to see that it is in good shape and does not need extra braces. You know Mr. Taft is a teetotaler, and I don't want him to take his first drop in this house. Get me?"

THE parcel post is responsible for many gray hairs and sleepless nights among the Congressmen. Most of them are at a loss how to vote when the proposed legislation comes up in the House as a "rider" to the Post-office appropriation bill—in a modified form, of course. They think and dream of nothing else. Representatives, especially those whose constituencies are made up largely of farmers, wear a worried look these days. Mail-order houses—particularly those in Chicago—favor the plan naturally, while many farmers and small-town merchants are urging their Representatives to vote against the measure. The other day Senator Kern was talking with a Representative from his own State—Indiana—and the Congressman's wife in the foyer of Congress Hall hotel.

"Do you ever go to the theatre, Senator Kern?" asked the Representative's wife.

"Not very often," replied Mr. Kern. "But I suppose you and your husband go often. Won't you take me some night?"

"We would be delighted," was the enthusiastic answer. "Now, next week Montgomery and Ward are to be here in George Ade's funny play 'The Old Town.' You know, the author is a native of our own State and we really ought to go. Will you accompany us?"

"I guess I'll wait until Sears, Roebuck & Co. come," said the Indiana solon.

Then the Congressman's wife went on to explain, after apologizing for her slip of the tongue, that she had been hearing her husband talk so much about the parcel post and the Chicago mail-order houses—one particularly—which favored it as a means of distributing their wares, that she unconsciously erred in referring to the team that made "The Wizard of Oz" famous.

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A FREAK OF NATURE.



"Ah, a shower!"



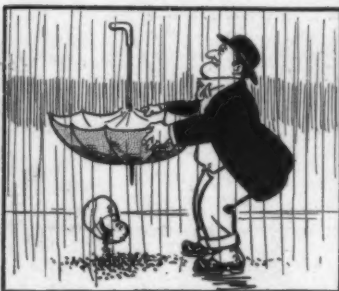
"Up with the bumbershute."



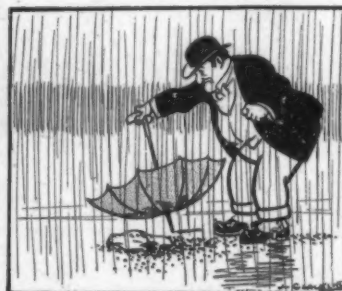
"Quite a cloudburst!"



"Now! It's raining coffee!"



"Guess I'll catch an umbrella full."



"Aw, shucks!"

THE Baseball Trust is next to be probed. It won't be a special Congressional investigating committee that will look into the way the big leagues are run, for Attorney-General Wickersham, who is somewhat of a fan, will look after the legal end of the prosecution—if there is any—himself. Although the Department of Justice is reticent regarding just how it will go about its investigation, it is not unlikely that Mr. Wickersham will begin his task by trying to discover some good reason for the stolen bases during the last season.

There is some feeling manifested here that the investigation of the Baseball Trust should be left to the House Committee on Rules or the Senate Committee on Claims.

INDULGENCE.

AT FOUR YEARS.



HE wanted lots of candy,
The precious little pet!
And what the darling wanted
She surely ought to get!
If cookies, pies, and coffee,
Or sugar-plums, in force;
And it ruined her digestion,
Of course!

AT SIX YEARS.

She wanted toys and dollies,
Or something else instead,
She would n't eat her porridge,
And would n't go to bed!
She fought, and won the battle,
And screamed till she was hoarse;
And spoiled her disposition,
Of course!

AT SEVENTEEN.

She wanted shows, and novels,
And everything that's gay,
A lazy life, and easy,
With only fun and play.
And in the race with Mother
She rode the winning horse;
And she clipped her education,
Of course!

AT SIXTEEN.

She wanted to be pretty,
A sort of fluffy dream,
She lived on cake and pickles,
A dainty, precious team!
She loathed fresh air, and walking,
And work, and all that's coarse;
And she ruined her complexion,
Of course!

AT EIGHTEEN.

She wanted to get married,
Her heart was all aflame,
The man was quite unworthy,
She loved him just the same.
She thought she did, the baby!
And Father must endorse;
And she spoiled her life forever,
Of course!

Charles Irvin Junkin.

HER COMPREHENSIVE REPLY.

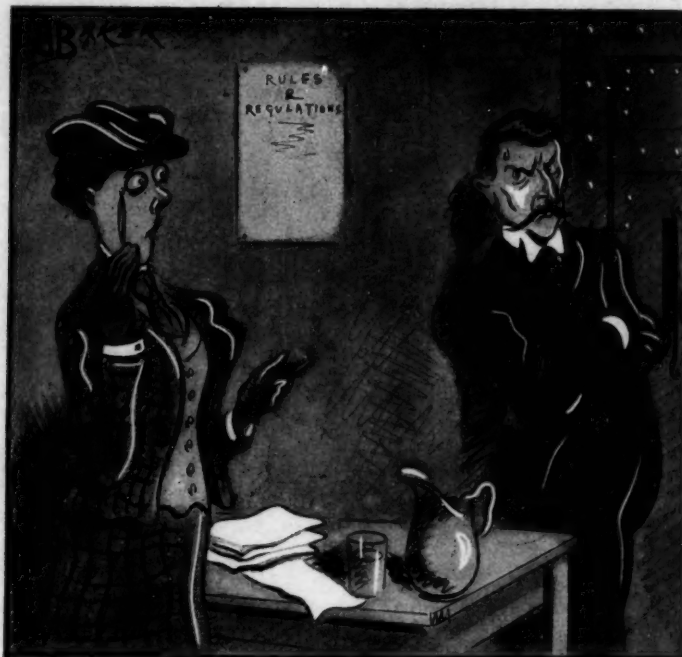
"I ASK only," in well-modulated tones said the earnest, fiddle-faced young man, "that you give me what you can of your love, and that you never strive for my sake to deny any yearning or strangle any impulse that pants within you. Give me what you can while you can give it without grudging or regretting; but the moment you feel that it is a task to love me, renounce me forever, though the verdict pierce me to the very heart!"

"How cute!" returned the fluffy young thing. "But—ee—heel! heel!—yes, Willoughby!"



NEVER AGAIN.

"But I and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond."



BETWEEN DEVIL AND DEEP SEA.

SPINSTER LAWYER (to man on trial for murder).—Now, it's understood, is it? If I succeed in getting you off, you agree to marry me?

A NEW KIND OF LAW.

MAYBE the great mill strike at Lawrence, Mass., meant a good deal, and maybe it was a tiny incident in the big economic shudder that's going around the world. It's too easy to make bad guesses about that sort of thing. But one thing seems very certain, even at this distance from the trouble. That is, that we have a kind of law in this country of which few persons had suspected the existence.

When the police of Lawrence forcibly detained the children of those strikers who wished to send their offspring where they could be sure of food and shelter—and where, incidentally, they might arouse sentiment in favor of the wage-earning class—there appeared to be no justification for the act in any of the laws with which we have become accustomed to worry along. Not in common law, nor in statute law, nor in martial law, for martial law had not been declared. No; the Lawrence police were acting under a new kind of law: TEXTILE LAW.

You've probably never heard of Textile Law before. There can't be any doubt, however, of its existence now. For weeks the city of Lawrence was under Textile Law and no other. Textile Law transcends any other law. It makes the Justinian Code look foolish; and the Puritans, who had to their credit certain sumptuary statutes, seem like timid and modest folk compared with the makers of Textile Law. This is the law that says that the textile industries are supreme; that there is no appeal from their decisions; that six or seven dollars a week is enough for any "man" (the makers of Textile Law not being mere "men," of course); and that when there is a difference of opinion upon any subject between the textile industries and the workers, the machinery of the government must be at the command of the employer. This is Textile Law.

Freeman Tilden.



JERSEY'S FLEA

"Now she has him, and now she has n't!"

IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

"WHY should we say to Satan 'Get thee behind me?'" asked the teacher.

"So that we shall get ahead of him," returned the bright boy.

MEN who would solve the problems of the Universe should remember that we can only see one-half of a sphere at once. The fellow on the other side may be all right from his point of view.

The Viennese Opera Company.



"THE WALTZ DREAM," produced at the Irving Place Theatre by a company from Vienna, makes an interesting comparison between the way they do things here and the German idea of staging an opera. Good acting in this instance takes the place of the elaborate staging and costuming of the chorus that American producers seem to regard as the first essential to a big success. Fräulein Grettie Meyer, the *prima donna* of the company, is a statuesque young lady—don't go by the caricature—who wears her clothes as only a Viennese *prima donna* can wear them, and is an exceedingly good actress. The same holds true of Fräulein Vilma Conti, the *soubrette* of the company. She is a German interpretation of Lulu Glaser in her methods. Both Vilma Conti and Grettie Meyer have a faculty for

getting the most out of every line and every situation. I should like to see them both in English-speaking rôles.

As my German never got beyond the textbook stage, made up of such helpful bits as "Ich habe eine schöne braune Kuh," I can't speak with authority on "Der Walzertraum" as a whole. I suspect that a number of the jokes were blue-pencilled from the Anglicized version, judging by some of the laughter in the audience. The chorus ladies were marvelous to behold, especially one member of the *Damen-Kapelle* who played a property violin much as one would go about stropping a razor! The other members of the cast did well enough in their respective parts.

W. E. Hill.

MY WIFE'S FIRST HUSBAND.

I NEVER hear his praises sung,
I never hear wild statements made
Concerning his high place among
The others of his time or trade.
Our boys are never told to be
Like my wife's first affinity.

Of his great faults I hear enough—
His ways meant to exasperate,
His want of polish, manners rough,
His coming home to dinner late.
His few slight virtues seem to me
Wiped out, forgotten utterly.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| His temper, too, I hear about, | Small credit his for days of toil |
| His total lack of thoughtfulness, | Or ways of honesty and right; |
| His scant regard for nerves worn out, | Small thanks for somewhat meager spoil |
| His grudging dole for proper dress; | Brought home intact each payday night. |
| And yet my heart—perversity?— | Of my wife's first, my mind is free |
| Goes out to him in sympathy. | From any taint of jealousy. |

Poor man, I know his foibles well;
I've been informed about them all;
Of his shortcomings I could tell
A tale to make him look quite small.

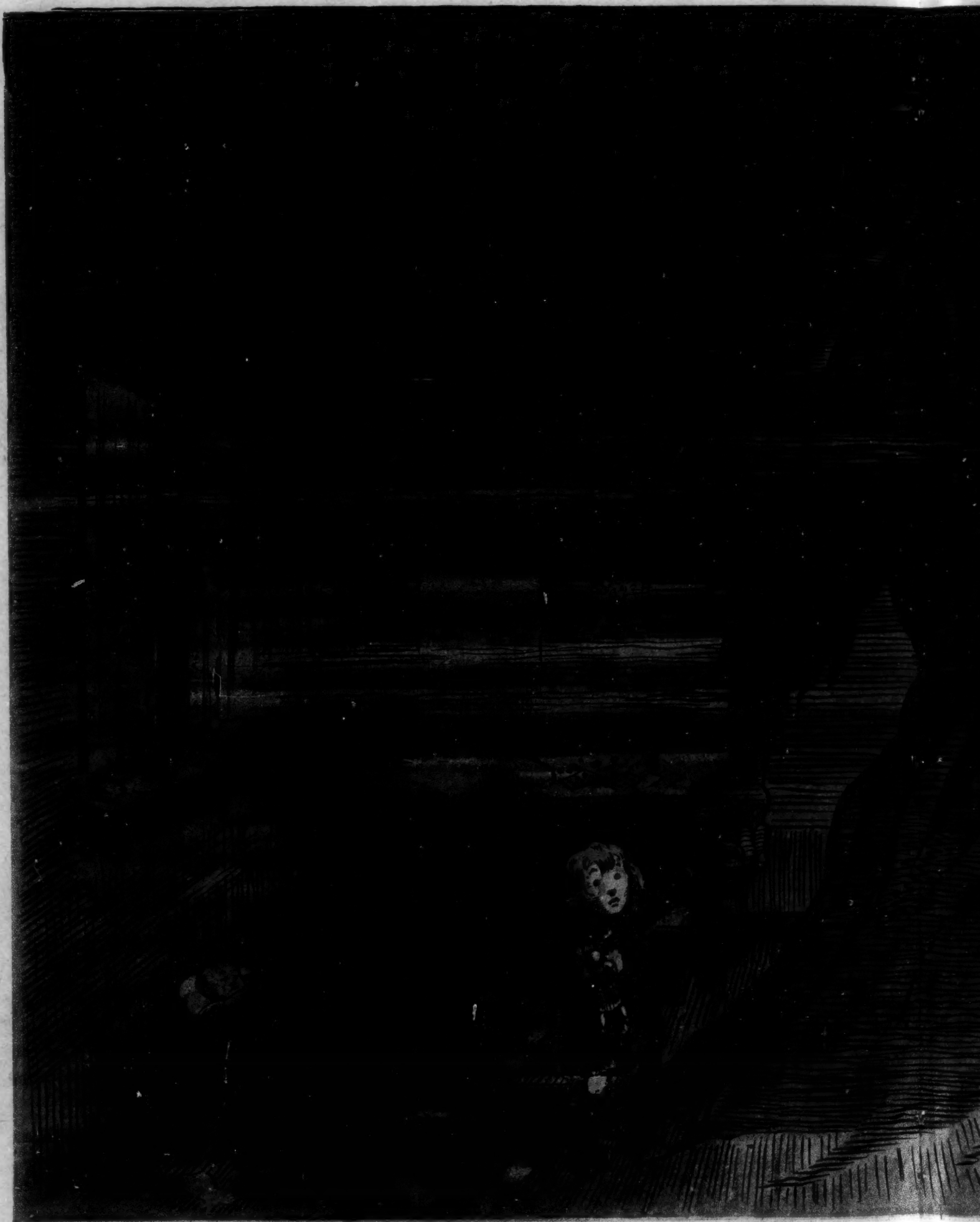
A pretty poor apology,
My wife's first husband. I am he! *Walter G. Doty.*



NOTHING FIERY.

THE SWEET YOUNG THING.—You *do* love me, don't you, William?
TAFT THE LOVER.—Of course I do, my dear—but in a purely platonic way!

The traditional fool and his money are lucky ever to have got together in the first place.



THE PUCK PRESS

NEXT
From the Cradle to



NEXT!

from the Cradle to the Mill.

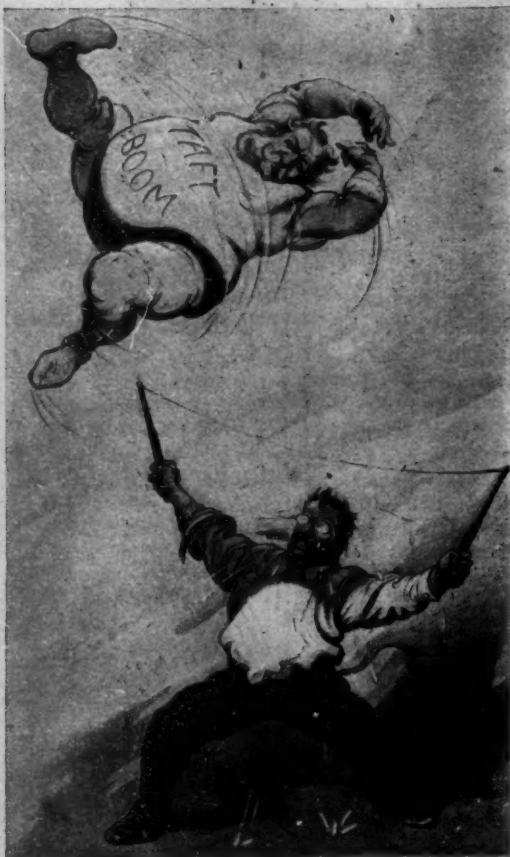


Just before ten o'clock every morning he would pull his chair up to the ticker and lean his elbows on the little mahogany platform, pencil in hand, to await the opening quotations. From then until

the market's close he seldom took his eyes off the tape. At one o'clock Jimmy would bring him two sandwiches which he would eat without looking up. Several times during the day, in a perfectly colorless voice, he would call out to the boy at the order-window to buy him a hundred Union or sell him a hundred Reading. That was all he ever had to say.

They called him the "tape-worm" and let him alone. He seemed to love the ticker. When the little wheel was buzzing he leaned forward as though not to miss a sound. When it came to a

Lovers Once, But Strangers Now.—V.



"How the Diabolo can I keep this going till nomination day?"

(From PUCK, December 11, 1907.)

stop he gazed quietly at the mechanism, waiting for it to begin its song of riches again. To him the ticker was a friend—a friend of infinite power—whose language he believed he had learned, in whose confidence he believed himself to be.

Like all other tape-readers this one lost—steadily. But through all those months his faith remained unshaken. Then one day they came to him and told him that his account was down to \$100—that that was all he had left.

For the first time in the memory of those who knew him the "tape-worm" got down from his chair and walked out of the office. Ten minutes later he came back, carrying something under his coat. Reading was still at seven-eighths—just where he had left it. "If it sells at the even figure the whole system is a lie and a fraud," he muttered to himself.

A moment later it sold at the even figure—a thousand of it at that.

Like a flash the man's hand went under his coat, a bright new hatchet was raised and brought down with terrific force squarely into the ticker's delicate machinery.

The "tape-worm" turned grimly to the Office Partner.

"That's the only moment of real satisfaction I've ever had in this office," he said. "That last hundred will pay for it. It was cheap at that."

And then he turned and walked slowly out of the office.

He was from Virginia, where they don't do things in such a hurry as in New York, and the rush of things had been a constant source of wonder to him. They were standing now on the steps of the Wall Street Journal Building, watching the brokers on the "Curb." It lacked but a minute or two of closing time, and one of the "Coppers" happened to be active. An excited throng of brokers, howling their bids with outstretched fists, surged around the only man who appeared to have any of the stock to sell.

The Virginian regarded the scene for several moments without saying a word. Then he turned to his companion. "Those gentlemen, sir," he remarked, "seem to have got powahful behind with their buyin'."

"I SER the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient is busted—receiver appointed," remarked the first broker.

"Never heard of it," remarked the second broker. "What was it, a railroad? Where did it run?"

"Kansas City to Topolobampo."

"Ugh?"

"Topolobampo. T-O P-O-L-O-B-A-M-P-O."

"My G—! No wonder it went broke!"

AT his office uptown: "What did you say your price was on that letter-sealing machine? Five dollars? Why, man, it's too much money. We've got a nice little business here but we're not millionaires. Do we really want the machine? Yes, we do. Call it \$4.75, that's a fair price."

At his brokers' down-town: "You say you hear there's going to be a move in Union? Let's see, that's out West somewhere, is n't it—sort of a wheat road or something. They're going to give it a whirl of a few points? My, I'd like to get in on that. A thousand will do the business on a hundred shares? Well, here's a check. HURRY UP, HURRY UP!—I don't want the move to take place while you're putting over the order."

WHO are "They?" The answer is the same as the answer to "How long is a string?" and "Are blondes immoral?" It all depends. Sometimes "They" are what the Street knows as "strong banking interests"—the Morgan group, for instance, or the coterie that goes by the name of the "First National Bank Crowd." Sometimes "They" means Bernard Baruch and his following or George Blumenthal and his, or both of them together. There have even been times when the public itself has been the mysterious "They."

But this is n't one of them.

He was very young and consequently very enthusiastic about it all. He had made a thorough study of the coppersituation, he informed them, and was sure that every good copper stock on the list was a purchase. "I'm going to start with a hundred Amalgamated," he re-



"FEARS WERE ENTERTAINED."

marked to the Office Partner, "Don't you think I'm right about it?"

"Have you ever traded in copper stocks?" inquired the Office Partner.

The young man admitted that he had n't—that this was his first venture.

"Then," returned the other, "I should n't advise you to start now. You want to buy copper stocks because copper metal is going up. It has been my experience that that is one of the three times when it is n't safe to buy copper stocks. The other two times are when the price of the metal is standing still and when it is going down."

It was Saturday afternoon. He stood at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street trying to get across. Down the Avenue they poured in a ceaseless stream—limousines, touring-cars, landaulets, every kind of a thing that burns gasoline and money. He counted over a hundred of them pass by before the traffic-policeman blew his whistle. "Gee!" he said to himself softly, "these are certainly hard times—for anybody who has n't got one." Franklin.



AMBIGUOUS.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER (in impassioned speech).—Perhaps there is someone in this very assemblage who has a bottle of the vile liquid in his pocket!

DEACON SCRAGGS (a little deaf, who has caught the spirit of the speaker rather than the words).—Hear, hear!



MISS MACHIAVELLI.

FIVE minutes after the girl's appearance on the beach the man crossed the esplanade and sauntered slowly toward her. The girl saw him and laughed to herself, half irritated and half amused, for he had done exactly the same thing a dozen times before, and she thought he was the most persistent and the least-enterprising person she had ever met.



The girl was rather experienced in flirtations, but she was not sure whether this could be brought under the same category as the rest. Privately and frankly she was beginning to hope not. For three weeks the man had paid her the same timeworn compliments and dogged her footsteps everywhere she went. Now as he came to her along the beach she thought she was surely clever enough to make things a little more definite and exciting. When he reached her, therefore, she was busy writing nothing in a picturesque notebook and pretended not to notice him.

"Good morning," he said. "May I join you, or are you engaged?" A sudden daring thought entered the girl. "Oh, good morning," she said, "how quietly you came along. I am not engaged just at present, but I shall be"—taking out her watch—"in exactly half an hour from now."

"Then for that half an hour I may be permitted to live in the light of your smiles?" he suggested, flinging himself down beside her.

The girl grimaced.

"You have made that very interesting remark just sixteen times before," she admonished him. "You are not original, are you?"

He said originality was not compatible with his state of mind, and the girl raised her pretty eyebrows.

"Is n't it?" she said innocently. "Why is that?"

"It is very simple," he said, leaning forward with a sentimental glance at her. "Would you like me to tell you why?"

She thought a moment.

"No," she decided encouragingly, "I don't think I should be in the least interested."

He smiled, understanding her for once.

"The fact is," he commenced, "that in your delightful presence,



A HINT TO THE BLACK HAND.

SOCIETY FEMALE (hysterically).—Kidnapped! Fif! My darling dog! Held—for—ransom!



OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

WESTERN CHILD (returning from Europe, surfeited with monuments and many toms).—Mamma, what's that?

MOTHER.—The Statue of Liberty, dear!

WESTERN CHILD.—Is that where Liberty is buried?

Miss Helen, I am so dazzled and illumined and all that sort of thing, don't you know, that——"

The girl put up a protesting hand, then laughed indulgently.

"Oh, well, I suppose I must allow you to go on," she said.

"You won't be able to make all these pretty little speeches to me very much longer, you know."

"Why?" he asked quickly. "You are not going to leave us, surely? You are not going home?"

"No, I am not going—home." She was sure the little pause was most effective. "I'm——"

She had a letter from her father in her notebook, and just here she accidentally dropped it, so that the man would have to pick it up. He did so and fell headlong into her trap.

"You don't mean you are going to be——" he said, with a jealous eye on the letter.

"Yes," she answered recklessly. "At least I am thinking about it." It was such a delightfully indefinite "it" that she was sure she might be thinking about it quite easily. And again her ruse succeeded.

"Oh, Miss Helen," he begged, "don't do it, whoever he is. Don't. You must know I care for you, and lately I had begun to hope you were growing to like me a little too. Believe me, I love you better than the whole world, and if you would only trust yourself to me, I swear I could make you happy."

"But——" commenced the girl.

"Ah, don't refuse me, Helen. Of course, I'm not good enough for you—who could be? But if you——"

"But——" repeated the girl diligently.

"At least hear me," he interrupted, and so she heard him. Two hours later he reminded her with an elaborate appearance of guilelessness that she had forgotten her engagement.

"What engagement?" she asked.

"Don't you remember, beloved, when I joined you, you said that you would be engaged in half an hour?"

The girl laughed and blushed prettily.

"Why, of course," she said. "I was a little out, was n't I? As a matter of fact, it was only twenty minutes." Alice Grant Rosman.

Even when we realize that people are flattering us we feel reasonably sure that they mean well.

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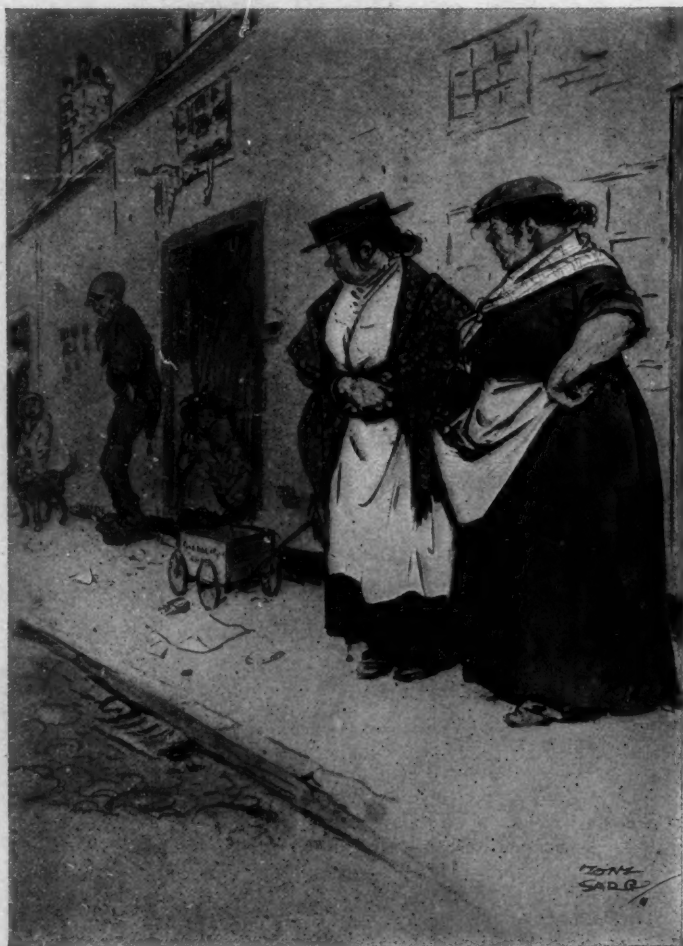
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WHERE SHE HAD NOT GOT THE PULL.



MRS. ALLEYWAY.—Your husband do wear 'is 'air terrible short.

MRS. SLUMDWELL.—Yes—the coward!—Sketch.

Devotees of Auto Sport—encounter Cutting Winds—Dust and Cinders. Wise ones apply Murine after other ablutions and their Eyes respond to the Soothing "Two Drops." Greater Eye Ills are thus Prevented. Try Murine.

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"WILL I RUN?"

"Will I run?" now chuckles Teddy. "Will you hand the chance to me? If you hand a leg of mutton to a bulldog, will he eat? Will a tramp pass by the counter where the lunch is labeled 'free'? If you say ice-cream to Mabel, will she beg you not to treat?"

"Will I run?" now chuckles Teddy. "Will a duck refuse to swim? If it finds a lake is handy? Will an actor spurn a boost? Will a lawyer take a big fee that is handed up to him? Will a convict take a pardon when the hangman's knot is noosed?"

"Will I run?" says T. R., smiling. "Will a surgeon operate? Will a bank-clerk overlook a chance to take a holiday? Will Bill Bryan spurn the offer of another lecture date? Will a small boy find the jam-jar when his mother's gone away?"

"Will I run," now chuckles Teddy, "if they hand the chance to me? That is foolish question nineteen ninety-four; Don't make me laugh this morning, for my lip is cracked, you see, I've been running for a year or two or more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN UNEXPECTED RETORT.

The celebrated Abernethy, who was noted for his bluntness, on one occasion, while he was performing the duties of examiner at the College of Surgeons, thus questioned a youthful but exceptionally muscular aspirant for the diploma.

"Mr. —, if you were present when a man was blown up by an explosion what would be the first thing you would do?"

"I should wait till he came down again, sir," replied the student.

"Just so," said Abernethy, entering into the spirit of the joke. "And suppose, sir, I were to kick you for the impudence of your answer, what muscles should I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my right arm, sir; for I should floor you instantly!" was the reply.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"I THINK," said Mrs. Cumrox, who was arranging a musical programme, "that we will have a mezzo-soprano."

"All right," replied her husband. "Don't bother me about it. Go ahead and see an architect."—*Washington Star.*



BUTTER can be made directly from grass, says a scientist. All that is needed, we suppose, is a good cow and a churn.—*Dayton Journal.*

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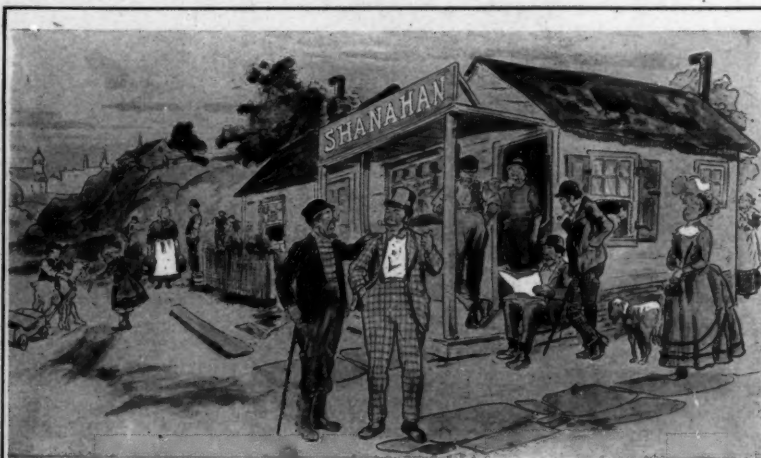
TOMMY'S POP.—Sound advice, my son, is generally nine parts sound and one part advice.—*Phila. Record.*

THE Rooseveltian sense now threatens to displace the Pickwickian sense.—*Boston Transcript.*

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PAT O'SHAUNESSY had been told by the doctor that he could live but a few hours, and his wife and assembled relatives and friends asked him whether there was one last wish he would like to have gratified. "There is," said Pat; "I'd like to hear the village band play once again." Accordingly, the village band gathered. When at last it had played "Say Au Revoir But Not Goodby," and had taken its own departure, Mrs. O'Shaunessy, kneeling at her husband's bedside, asked: "Can ye die aisy now, Pat?"

"Yis," replied Pat, "I can die aisy now. Hell has nothing worse than that."—*Exchange*.

CURIOSITY.

An Irishman walked up Fifth Avenue, dropped into a Presbyterian church, and immediately went to sleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm.

"We are about to close up," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to go now."

"What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "The cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian church."

The Irishman sat up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the Apostles.

"Ain't that Saint Luke over yonder?" he demanded.

"It is," said the sexton.

"And Saint Mark just beyant him?"

"Yes."

"And, still farther along, Saint Timothy?"

"Yes."

"Young man," demanded the Irishman, "since whin did all thim blissed saints turn Protestants?"—*Saturday Evening Post*.



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KNICKER.—What sort of a reformer is he?

BOCKER.—He wants other fellows to abstain from food to make the price go down while he eats it.—*The Sun*.

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Ask for it anywhere liquors are sold.

"He married one of the most famous women."

"Yes?"

"But in less than a year he sued for a divorce."

"You don't tell me!"

"A divorce, and the right to resume his maiden name."—*The Bellman*.



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A MAN WHO FOLLOWS THE STYLE.



—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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SOMETHING was up with Robinson. He had sat all the morning at his desk with a doleful expression, and had hardly uttered a word.

The pretty typist smiled at him. He made no response. The rain ceased and the sun came out. It shed no warmth upon Robinson's soul. The annual holiday was mentioned. Robinson scowled and bit his pen. But when the boss came in and made a breezy joke, Robinson's attitude became a real menace.

"Laugh, you idiot! The boss made a joke!" muttered his neighbor, who was following the diplomatic lead of his fellow clerks and indulging in hearty merriment.

"Why should I?" grunted Robinson, in response. "I am leaving on Saturday."—*Exchange*.

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"Did you hear about Pickleham?"

"No."

"He went home last night and broke up the furniture and a lot of dishes and chased his wife out into the street."

"What was the matter with him?"

"Why, some woman in one of those Suffragette meetings alluded to him as a model husband."—*Plain Dealer*.

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He was the small son of a bishop and his mother was teaching him the meaning of courage.

"Supposing," she said, "there were twelve boys in one bedroom, and eleven got into bed at once, while the other knelt down to say his prayers, that boy would show true courage."

"Oh," said the young hopeful, "I know something that would be more courageous than that. Supposing there were twelve bishops in one bedroom, and one got into bed without saying his prayers!"—*Truth Seeker.*

"Is she really an expert stenographer?"

"Well, no. But she's as expert as you could expect a girl of her beauty to be."—*Plain Dealer.*



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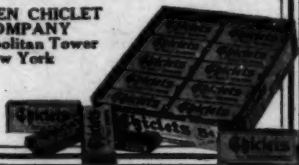
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"I did not. I married first. There's no use learning a trade until you know that you're going to need it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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"You will marry a colonel, my dear."

"Why?"

"You have a whole regiment of lines in your hand!"

—*Le Sourire.*

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"AND now, sir," thundered the bullying lawyer, "tell the court what you were doing in the interim."

"I never went there," retorted the witness, indignantly; "I stayed in the smoke-room all evening."—*Evening Mail.*

"Do you and your wife ever have words?"

"She has. I never do."—*Record-Herald.*

"Is she of a religious turn of mind?"

"Very. She never misses a church supper."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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MISTRESS.—Jane, I rang for you to tell you that if I catch my husband kissing you again one of you will have to go!—*London Opinion.*

"WHAT a lot of style the Browns are putting on."

"Yes, and what a lot of creditors they are putting off."—*Boston Transcript.*

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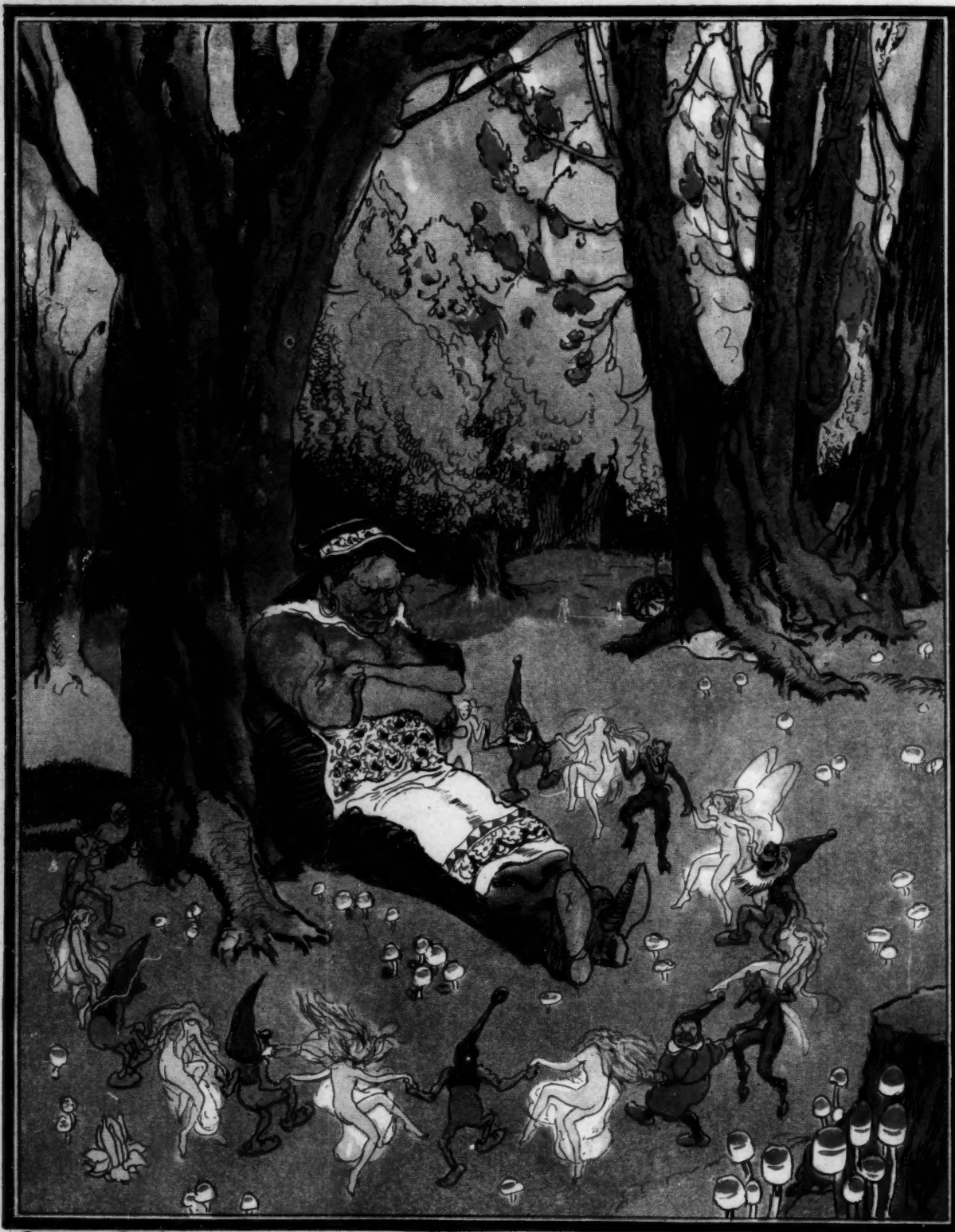
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SPRING comes on, and they're calling again —
The trails that I used to know,
And I feel in my heart I am falling again
To the ways that the gypsies go,
And the wagon-train that is crawling again,
Lazy and calm and slow.

Spring comes on, and I'm dreaming again
Of the camp by the dusty road,
And the Rom'ny's kettle steaming again
In front of her tent abode,
And the teeth of the gypsies gleaming again
As they chat in the Romany code.

Spring comes on, and I'm learning again
How the fever to go is strong,
And deep in my veins it is burning again
For the life that I lived so long.
And somehow my feet are turning again
To the lilt of a gypsy song.

Spring comes on, and they're calling again —
The ways that I used to know,
And the spell of the road is thralling again
With all of its olden glow,
As the gypsy train goes crawling again
Lazy and calm and slow!

Berton Braley.

